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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers and southerly winds.

MR. WHITNEY'S DUTY.

The decision of Mr. William C. Whitney to abandon at great personal sacrifice his trip to Europe and remain here to fight, within Democratic lines, the battle for sound money, is the most significant, the most important political event of the week. The Republican Convention bears scarcely more forcefully on the political situation in the United States.

It would be hard to overestimate the value to the sound money cause of Mr. Whitney's influence. No man in the Democratic party enjoys such wide personal popularity as he. Among the most violent Western denunciation of New York, its "gold bugs" and its "plutocrats," a word of exception is usually noted for Whitney. Men who differ from him wholly on questions of politics and of economics still hold him personally in the highest esteem, and would go more than half way to meet him upon common ground. Much of this unexampled popularity springs from the fact that for him politics is a matter of patriotism, not of profit. He has sought neither office nor that sort of power which springs from the ability to put and keep others in office. His one term in high public station, when retary of the Navy, he rsonal loss, and, we may well believe, with some distaste, for Mr. Cleveland's second term did not witness Mr. Whitney's return to Washington. This was a distinct loss to the nation, for it may be fairly said, without disparagement to Secretary Herbert, that Mr. Whitney's administration of the affairs of the navy has never been equalled in efficiency and brilliancy. Under him the navy began that rapid progress which has made the United States no longer the laughing stock of maritime powers, but at once a source of admiration and perhaps of some disquietude to them. Secretary Whitney's administration of the Navy Department was marked not only by forward strides in naval construction, but by such an advance in the efficiency of the naval personnel and such a stimulus of the naval esprit de corps as had hitherto been unknown in the service.

How great is Whitney's influence with Democrats from New York to California can best be judged by those who saw and studied his work at Chicago in 1892. Mr. Cleveland went before that convention a favorite, it is true, but far from certain of nomination. In his own State there was the very gravest opposition to his candidacy. The West was beginning to feel its strength, and demanded a Western man. The silver faction, now so self-assertive, had begun to insist upon concessions—insistence that ended in the formal abandonment of the party by its chief spokesman. Mr. Cleveland's personal enemies, who were almost as numerous and as bitter then as now, were unsparing in their denunciations of his candidacy, unequivocal in their threats to oppose his election. Out of this situation, surcharged with explosive possibilities, William C. Whitney brought rder, peace, party unity, the nomination of Grover Cleveland, and ultimately his election by a majority in the lectoral College unparalleled in the days of party politics.

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the ex-Secretary of the Navy was too dignified to openly express.

So it comes to pass to-day that while the President's appeal for sound money will chiefly affect the men tied to the Administration by bonds of office, or those Democrats who without such a summons would still have been hostile to the silver faction, Mr. Whitney's entrance upon the field will engage the not wholly unfriendly attention of the silver people themselves. A call from him will not, like the President's call, awaken among them sullen resentment. They will rather hail it as evidence that to the currency debate in the Democracy are now brought intelligence, fairness and perfect toleration.

It must be kept in mind by those who wish to see the Democratic party saved from going to extremes in its treatment of the currency question that the conditions of which the silverites make bitter complaint do, to almost the full degree, exist. Under a currency system which has proceeded through a series of unscientific makeshifts to a final condition of chaos out of which Cleveland's own assumption of plenary powers alone has built gold monometallism, business disaster has been widespread, the debtor has suffered, the dollar has been a dishonest dollar because of increasing value, producers have found year by year their earnings decreasing, financial vampires have fattened on the Treasury's needs, and the interest bearing debt of the nation has been enormously increased. When the silver Democrats bring this arraignment against the Cleveland system of currency regulation no answer is possible. But when they suggest as a remedy the free and independent coinage of silver at 16 to 1 it becomes necessary for people having at heart the welfare of the business community, the maintenance of values and the stability and permanence of property to protest and to exert every possible political force to avert such action.

To combat the fanaticism of silver extremists in the Democratic party Mr. Whitney must formulate a programme and make a concession. His programme must comprehend a conservative bimetallic plank removed quite as far from the Cleveland chaos as it is from free silver. To go to Chicago now, thus late in the contest, with a demand for gold monometallism, would be to go to certain defeat. Attempt to outgeneral the silver extremists by mere cajolery of delegates or the baser devices of politics would be unworthy, and, if successful, would disrupt the party for all time. It should be the study of Mr. Whitney and those who co-operate with him to first of all formulate a currency plank which shall promise to bring order out of the chaos in which our monetary system is now plunged, which shall be just alike to debtor and creditor, producer and capitalist, and which shall grant no special privileges to any man or any class.

With this plank formulated Mr. Whitney may accomplish much at the Chicago Convention if he will agree to one concession. The value of a platform is chiefly fixed by him who stands upon it. If the Democracy is willing to approve Mr. Whitney's financial views it has the right to demand that he accept the trust of defending them as its candidate in the campaign and giving them effect as its President in the White House. This trust he cannot lightly set aside; this duty he cannot shirk.

YESTERDAY AT ST. LOUIS.

If the convention that dragged out its time yesterday in sullen apathy had represented a party predestined to defeat and conscious of the fact its gloom would have been natural. But until this week every Republican in the country has felt an absolute assurance of victory, and few Democrats have seriously disputed it. Certainly no convention of either party since the war has met with such brilliant prospects, and we believe it strictly accurate to say that none in the history of American politics has been so totally destitute of enthusiasm. Usually the mention of any candidate with any following at all is enough to let loose a hurricane of cheers, but yesterday the name of the chosen leader of the Republican party, the Napoleon of Protection, the Advance Agent of Prosperity, the man whom a clear majority of the convention had gone to St. Louis to nominate, fell with a dead and dismal thud upon an audience as unresponsive as a peat bog.

How shall we explain this anomaly? In part it may be due to the resentment of the convention at finding itself in the pocket of a coarse, brutal and mercenary boss; in part to the vague fear of the consequences that may follow the new stand the party has been compelled to take on the financial question, and in part to the discovery that the Napoleon whom the party was to follow to victory prefers the security of the rear to the glories of the fron uilty of delegate

McKinley. Their constituents never told them to nominate Hanna, and the discovery that McKinley in the White House means a Hanna Administration is enough to cast a damper over a more exuberant body than the one that gloomily carried out the first numbers of the Ohio programme yesterday.

THE SILVER BOLT.

According to the St. Louis dispatches, the scene at the committee meeting when the free silver Republicans withdrew from the party was a most lachrymose one. Tears and gin-rickeys mingled in the ratio of 1 to 16, and champions of the opposing factions gulped down their rising grief along with their juleps. One after the other the silver-haired Teller, the silver-tongued Dubois, the silver-plated Cannon and the rest of the silverites announced their withdrawal in voices tremulous with emotion—though, as they began to announce it nearly a year ago, their grief might by this time be assuaged. A gentleman named Lemmon, from California, announced that he would not withdraw from the party, but promised cheerfully that all the other Republicans in his State would, thus leaving all lost save Lemmon. The climax of the tearful occasion was reached when a certain Delegate Mott, of North Carolina, solemnly warned the committee that the bright prospect of Republican success in his State would be wholly sacrificed if silver was struck down.

The real significance of this secession from the Republican party is less in connection with the pending Presidential contest than with future legislative struggles. It is possible, though hardly probable, that the election may be close enough to be decided by the electoral votes of the silver producing States, and there is faint possibility that, in the event of the choice of a President being left to the House of Representatives, this phalanx of bolting Republican States, puerile in itself, might, by combination with the other minority elements, exert some influence. Chiefly, however, the incident is important as indicating that the very States admitted by Republicans to buttress Republican control of the Senate will now be the chief factors in breaking down that control. With Teller and his associates silver comes first—Republicanism once came second, but is now abandoned. The Senate, which only within five years has housed more than two parties, will now have four, and between Democrats, Republicans, Populists and Silverites, the possibilities for combination and defeat of the party numerically superior will be infinite.

How to use Addicks's money and at the same time dispense with his presence is another financial problem which worries the Republican leaders.

Tom Reed is not sulking, but the views which he doesn't express for publication are producing a vivid atmosphere in his immediate vicinity.

If Mr. Platt is permitted to name the Vice-Presidential candidate, which one of his oratorical champions will he reward? He will have Quigg, Raines and Thurlow Weed Barnes to choose from.

It is generally agreed that there is an utter lack of enthusiasm at St. Louis. A political party can place itself in the hands of a syndicate, but it cannot be expected to make merry over the transaction.

Hon. "Poker Jack" McClure will represent Arkansas on the Committee of Resolutions at the St. Louis Convention. He will hew to the gold line and permit the silver chips to fall where they may.

Now that he has succeeded in making himself as ludicrous as Johnny Milholland, perhaps Warner Miller will step to one side and permit one of the other anti-Platt leaders to do a little of the alleged leading.

An avowed candidate for the Vice-Presidency is never nominated, and his candidacy is always laughed at. The second place on the Presidential ticket is utilized as a poultice for the wounds of one of the unsuccessful candidates for the first place.

By the manipulation of the Republican National Committee, Boss Filley was robbed of enough of his delegates to prevent his election as a National Committeeman. Turning boss methods on the bosses is Mr. Hanna's specialty, and he seems to be making a great success of it.

President Howell, of the Bridge trustees, emphatically announces that Brooklyn needs at least three new bridges, including one 100 feet east of the present structure exclusively for railroad purposes. He figures that the proposed railroad bridge would pay a profit of about $450,000 a year above interest and operating expenses. Undoubtedly we have a pressing need of more bridges. No other great city in the world divided by a river running through the middle of it, as Greater New York is, dreams of trying to get along with one bridge. St. Louis, with a wider river, and with almost all of its population on one side of it, has two. Of course, it is more expensive to bridge the East River than the Thames at London, the Seine at Paris, the Danube at Vienna, the Spree at Berlin or the Tiber at Rome, but that is merely our misfortune—it does not in the least reduce the inconvenience of having twelve hundred thousand people dependent for communication with two ellow-townsmen upon one some ferry-boats.

Republican Convention Thumbnail Sketches.

St. Louis, June 16.—This is Dr. Jamieson. Not the Dr. Jamieson who struck Oom Paul and glanced off, but Dr. Jamieson, of Illinois. He has just been made National Committeeman, and looks forward to the position of White House master of the Black rod when McKinley wins his crown. In the background the artist has sketched the good Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago. He does not yearn for Dr. Jamieson—does not love him. Mr. Kohlsaat has just learned of the little Doctor's selection to be head of the Illinois push in national affairs and Mr. Kohlsaat's face is drawn with grief. Even Mr. Kohlsaat's hands express the horror which feeds upon him. Yes; it is not dough which, clinging to them, causes Mr. Kohlsaat to spread his ten fingers like a spider's web; it is consternation at Dr. Jamieson's pull with Mr. Hanna and the consequent elevation to the National Committee of Dr. Jamieson over Mr. Kohlsaat's protest. Mr. Kohlsaat saw it coming and made, as he freely says, "the roar of his life." On Mr. Hanna's part, that great boss merely conferred on his fellow McKinley syndicator the laugh, and let it go at that. Mr. Kohlsaat is now laid up in the hospital with a broken heart.

Dr. Jamieson won his medical title as a drug clerk. He played but a brief engagement, however, and then left pills for politics, cantharides for candidates, and has since waxed rich and fat. Dr. Jamieson often, when he has lost the last car to Evanston, will sit about and beguile the tedium telling the story of his abandonment of drugs. He was clerking for a hard, stern man, who would not brook mistake. A beautiful girl, one of Chicago's belles, who was summering and sin-nering at Evanston, came into the pharmacy, which, by the way, dealt also in groceries,

crockery, hardware and any old thing, and, bending across the counter, whispered:

"Have you any powder?"

"Face, gun or bug?" asked Dr. Jamieson, then a very young man, and on whom his employer had impressed the necessity of accuracy.

While it was due to nothing but the old pirate's commands to be careful, when the proprietor heard of it he would listen to no explanation, but gave Dr. Jamieson the springboard without a word.

On his return, when any of them asks Mr. Mathews where he's been, he's going to tell them he's been romancing around buying hogs. Mr. Mathews hints that a Republican in Mississippi might better let his politics stand in the stall without exercise. The moment a Republican begins to call attention to his politics in Mississippi some of the neighbors at once knock off work and shoot him full of orifices with their Winchesters, or cut buttonholes in his epidermis with their bowies. Mr. Mathews admits that he cannot in conscience commend Mississippi to any fellow-Republican as a home unless he is deaf and dumb. If he can hear he'll be tempted to talk, and if a Republican opens his mouth in Mississippi he's a gone fawnskin.

This gentleman who is leaning dejectedly on the bar of the Southern has suffered a disappointment. He's a Republican from Buffalo, but we won't mention his name, for fear he'll get peevish and come around and crawl us. He speaks of his troubles this way:

"You see, I'm in on a little blow-out Hanna gives; she's a peach of a spread, too, bet your life! Well, I ain't up on these Marquis of Queensberry feeds where a duck chews three minutes and drinks one—these dinners be rounds, or courses, or whatever's the name. But I'm out for an office, so when Hanna turns in me little old invite, I makes up me mind I'll stand for it if I croaks. So I takes a steer from the clerk—he's dead good people, that clerk—an' he rigs me in his own suit, wid a dinky coat that seems like it's holdin' out the tails onto youse, because you don't see 'em. They's there dead right enough, but youse can't turn your nut so's to pipe 'em, see!

"When I gets ag'inst the feed I'm dead leary, because I ain't on to no such play. But I'm as wise a guy as ever comes down the pike, so I fixes me lamps on a right looking sucker who's dead across from me, an' thinks I to meself, I'll follow his system an' I'll just about make all the curves in style, an' nobody won't tumble to me ignorance, see!

"That's all right. When this smooth mug plays a spoon, I follows suit; when he boards a shave, I boards mine, an' I never trumps nor takes the lead once. I'm gettin' along to beat the band, an' I'm givin' meself the jolly of me life what a foxy mark I be, when, all at once, we gets down to the turn an' the slave brings each of us a dinky bowl full of water. Thinks I to meself: 'What th' 'ell! What's he givin' us now?' an' I looks over at me guide. Well, what do you'se think? I'm a liar if he don't dump his dukes in it. That let's me out the side door. This duck don't know any more about it than I do, see! The moment I sees the sucker sink his hooks in the bowl I knows I'm on a dead card an' I makes a play for the door an' she's a case of Willie-we-have-missed-youse, as far as I'm concerned, in a holy second."

Here we have that Apollo of the South, Mr. Mathews, of Mississippi. Mr. Mathews wears his hair after the female suffrage fashion popular along the Lower River. The colored person in the picture, who looks like a watch charm and seems to be listening to the mocking bird caroling its roundelay from the bough above, has departed this life. You see it was this way: Deceased had too much verve—too much chic—and at last got so playful that he tried to vote. This for a colored man was

in Mississippi carrying his jests too far, and an incensed citizenry reprimanded him as you observe. The bold peasantry of Yallabusha County are but a sombre brood, and when a colored person carries practical joking to the point of demanding his right to cast a ballot they take him to some shady place and suspend him. Mr. Mathews's profile shows him to be full of noble instincts. He says that being a Republican in Mississippi doesn't mean that life is one never-ending round of pleasure. On the contrary, Mr. Mathews declares that it ends right along. Mr. Mathews doesn't want the people of his State to know that he has been dallying with a Republican convention.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

The Rapid Transit System.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir—I read an article in your paper of Saturday reflecting upon the elevated railroad in an undeserved manner. I know of my own personal knowledge that it is the desire and intention of the managers of the elevated railroad to do everything in their power to further the interests of rapid transit, and I know that this desire has been little understood by the public, who have been largely influenced by the adverse criticisms appearing in the daily press. These, it seems to me, can only have been written because of a misconception of the situation.

As a business man, you must certainly recognize the position of the directors and officers of the Manhattan elevated system, and their duty to the stockholders who elected them to care for their interests. As such representatives of the stockholders it is their first duty, if possible, to make their property remunerative, and this it has not been lately, largely on account of the opposition that it has met with and the great number of suits that have been brought against it for damages, many of which were absolutely unjust. They have paid out $9,000,000 already for damage claims.

There is no question that the rapid transit needs in the city demand first that the facilities for carrying passengers from the Battery to the Harlem shall be attended to rather than the extending into sparsely settled districts. The third track, and the West street line, with cross town connections, will do much to relieve the present congestion of travel and also enable quicker transit up and down town. After this should come the extension into the districts beyond the Harlem, and it seems to me that, after all, this is exactly what the Manhattan people have stated that they are willing to do. I think that the press has great influence in this matter and if, instead of hampering the elevated railroad in its efforts to improve transit facilities, it would lend it a helping hand to accomplish what the people need, it would be better serving the community at large than it is at present by inciting hostile feeling toward what is after all the best, safest and pleasantest system of rapid transit that New York City can have, and which only requires proper development to make it thoroughly effectual. Yours very truly,

E. A. WILLARD.

It is precisely because the duty of the directors of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company is to the stockholders first and the people second, that the intelligent portion of the press of the city oppose further extending their control over the rapid transit system of New York. What is needed is a rapid transit system planned first to carry the people and only secondarily to earn enormous dividends.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on!"

"Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair-shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I hope," said Willie Wishington, as he prepared to smoke, "that cigarettes do not annoy you."

"Oh, no," Miss Cayenne replied; "cigarettes do not annoy me. But the people who smoke them usually do, very much."—Washington Star.

"May I be at liberty to quote you as indorsing the sentiment that the voice of the people is the voice of God?" asked the interviewer.

"I would not like to commit myself to that sentiment until after the convention," answered the candidate.—Indianapolis Journal.

He—The woman who wears bloomers must be very bold.

She—Bold? Well, I should say yes. I wouldn't fear a mouse a minute if I had on bloomers.—Detroit Tribune.

The woman who writes became sarcastic in speaking of another woman who not only writes, but who publishes.

"She is very versatile," an admirer had remarked.

"Um—yes. But I think she misapplies her talents."

"In what way?"

"Her cook books read like works of fiction and her works of fiction read like cook books."—Washington Star.

Burrows—What is the best wheel on the market?

Hills—The best wheel is not on the market any more. I bought it myself two weeks ago.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Royal Ascot, Race of Races.

Curious is the history of the Gold Cup Race at Ascot, which was run yesterday and won by Quarrel. It was originally known as the Emperor's Cup, and for a number of years was presented by Czar Nicholas I. During the early years of Queen Victoria's reign the Emperor suddenly arrived altogether unannounced in London and took up his residence at his Embassy. As soon as the Queen and the Prince Consort heard of his presence in the British metropolis they insisted on his transferring his abode to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, where he remained with them for near three weeks as their guest. So delighted was he with the Ascot races, to which he drove from Windsor in great state with the Queen and Prince, that he declared his intention of presenting the Gold Cup each year. The outbreak of the Crimean war, however, somewhat damped his interest in things English, and from that time forth the Gold Cup, which is the principal event of the Ascot races, has been given out of the race fund, and has been known as the "Ascot Gold Cup."

Ascot races, which extend over a week, have always been regarded as constituting the climax of the London season, occupying much the same place with regard to the latter as the Grand Prix does to that of Paris. It has always been considered as more or less of an aristocratic function, its chief charm consisting in its distance from London, which prevents to a great extent the presence of the rough element of the metropolis, which swarms at Epsom and debases the Derby Day into a cockneys' holiday. If it has one drawback, it is to be found in the fact that attendance at Ascot has come to be regarded as so indispensable to social standing, not only among the upper, but also among the middle classes, that the course and the enclosures are inconveniently crowded. But, it is a well-dressed crowd; one, too, that is on its best behavior. There is none of that "laisser aller" that characterizes the Derby and the Oaks, and most of the men present are arrayed in frock coats and high hats, while the women don for the occasion their daintiest toilettes.

The proximity of Ascot to Windsor has contributed to endow the races with a royal lustre, the Crown owning the course as well as the stands, and the reigning family being invariably well represented there on each day of the week. In former days it was the fashion for the royal and distinguished patrons of the meetings to promenade on the course between and after the races, just as if they were in Hyde Park or Kensington Garden, and the spectacle was brilliant in the extreme. Moreover, in the early days of Queen Victoria she took a considerable interest in these races, and attended them regularly in full state with a grand procession of coaches, outriders, keepers and huntsmen of the Royal Buckhounds on horseback, the cortege being preceded on its progress down the course by the Master of the Buckhounds in the full uniform of his office. Why the control of this race course should have fallen to the Master of the Buckhounds instead of the Master of the Horse may seem a mystery, but it is explained by the fact that whereas the jurisdiction of the latter extends over the royal stables and all thereto pertaining, the Master of the Buckhounds, on the other hand, has rule over Windsor Forest and Ascot Heath, which is officially regarded as forming part of the forest.

During the Ascot week the Queen used formerly to have Windsor Castle filled with distinguished guests for the occasion and further manifested her interest in the event by presenting an annual cup which is known as the "Queen's Vase," and is valued at $1,000, as against the $5,000, which represent the value of the "Gold Cup." But since the death of her husband in 1861 the Queen has never visited Ascot, and for some years following his demise there was no official attendance of royalty, members of the reigning family, however, going to the races in quite a private way. Of late years the royal procession has been revived and takes place in what is known as semi-state, the Prince and Princess of Wales driving up the course two days of the week, in semi-state carriages attended by a very imposing and picturesque escort of gorgeously apparelled servants, outriders, huntsmen, etc.

The Prince of Wales invariably hires or secures the loan of a country house in the neighborhood of Ascot for the race week. Astonishment has often been expressed that with Windsor Castle standing unoccupied close by—the Queen and her court being invariably at Balmoral at this time of the year—it should not be placed at his disposal, especially in view of the fact that he, to a great extent, represents Her Majesty on these occasions. The reason why the Prince does not have Windsor Castle for the race week is that his imperious mother has tacked on too many stipulations to its occupancy by the genial heir apparent. Inasmuch as she does not approve of many of his friends, she insists that if he is to have the castle for the Ascot week he shall only invite people that meet with her approbation, and further makes it a condition that there shall be no smoking and no card playing whatsoever on the premises. Sooner than bind himself in this way, the Prince prefers to spend $15,000 or $20,000 in leasing a house for the week, which always winds up, as far as his party is concerned, with a water picnic on the lake in Windsor Forest, known as "Virginia Water."

Ascot races date back to the year 1727, but first received the patronage of royalty when William Duke of Chamberland, known in history as the "Butcher of Culloden," and who was a son of King George II., set his foot on Ascot Heath. In 1785 his nephew, King George III., first gave a plate to be run for at Ascot. The so-called royal enclosure, admission to which is a source of so much intrigue, back-biting and petty meanness during the months of May and June each year in London, was first originated by the Prince Consort in 1844. In those days none but the immediate friends of royalty—that is to say, personages—who had been presented at court, received cards of admission to the enclosure. But, during the years which followed immediately after the death of the Queen's husband, the bestowal of the tickets was left entirely to the Master of the Buckhounds, who now controls their distribution and scatters them broadcast to such an extent that tradesmen, ladies of questionable antecedents, and even money lenders have been recognized among what are nominally supposed to be the guests, the particular friends and the personal acquaintances of Queen Victoria.

Man Who Looks Lincolnish.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Senator Cullom is naturally relieved that the strain is over. It is such a comfort to be left to look like anybody you choose during the heated term.

Quaint Happenings in the Outskirts.

A Woman at the Throttle.

Two lumber buyers of this city have returned from a recent trip, bearing enthusiastic reports of the progress of the new woman in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

At Du Bois the lumber buyers were directed to Miller's saw mill, several miles away, in a neck of the woods. They found it to be a small portable steam mill, which had shut down, while a man and a boy carried out into the yard a pile of freshly-sawed boards. But just as the visitors came within hearing distance they heard the boy call out:

"Let 'er go, mother."

"Here she goes," answered a feminine voice, and with a few preliminary snorts and hisses the engine got down to business and the circular saw resumed its musical buzzing.

The lumber buyers looked at each other and then proceeded to investigate. The engine was housed in a rough shanty by itself. Looking through its open door the visitors saw a woman oiling up the mechanism. She had a heavy ducking apron over her calico dress, and the perspiration ran in streams from her face, which was enveloped in a calico sun-bonnet.

Noticing with a critical eye that the engine was running smoothly and that the water in the boiler was at its proper level, the woman filled up the furnace with slabs and sawdust, and then, picking up an axe, proceeded to chop more slabs into suitable lengths.

Presently the saw got stuck in a knot and the driving belt slipped off.

"Hey, there! Stop 'er! Stop 'er!" shouted boy and man together.

Whereupon the woman made a grab for the throttle and brought things to a standstill again.

The visitors learned that the engineer in petticoats was Mrs. Miller, and that the community contained no male member of that craft who was considered her equal.

Two Babes and a Bear.

The little town of Olga, Minnesota—which is a long way from anywhere—boasts a nine-year-old boy hero named James Gregerson.

The Gregersons, who live a few miles from town, left James in charge of the baby recently while they attended to some shopping.

During the afternoon a bear made its appearance at the house, driving James from the room where the baby lay.

The boy recovered his nerve in a few moments, and on returning to the room was horrified to see the bear clawing at the bed clothing on the crib where the baby was lying. With a cry of terror the boy, without a moment's hesitation, dashed into the room past the astonished bear, and, catching the infant in his arms, made a race for the door, reaching it just ahead of the now angry brute. Closing the door, James deposited the child in a place of safety, and, returning to the house by the back way, secured his father's rifle. Pointing the muzzle through the window of the room in which the bear was caged, he fired several bullets into the animal's body.

When Mr. and Mrs. Gregerson returned, an hour later, they found James hiding in the barn with the baby, while the bear lay dead upon the floor of the house. Beyond a few scratches the baby was unhurt.

In Search of a Mate.

The baggage masters of railroads in the Middle and Western States are getting a deal of amusement out of a dainty shoe which arrived in Columbus, Ohio, a few days ago, bearing the following inscription on the inside of its sole:

"I was found in an L. & N. baggage car by Baggagemaster F. A. Cook. I am in search of my mate. Please send me free of charge on a journey around the world, as seeking a lost one is a noble mission. Return me to Nashville, Tenn., in time for the centennial international exposition in 1897 and oblige, GRACE."

The baggage department of the Little Miami station at Cincinnati was next in receipt of the wanderer and immediately returned it to Columbus, having first placed the following words on the shipping card: "Mate not here. Ladies all have large feet."

At latest accounts the shoe was being passed around among the ladies of Pittsburg whose admirers are in the railway business.

The Lady and the Snake.

Miss Brown, of Simona, Fla., went for a short walk in the fields to gather wild flowers. She did not return when expected, and her brother Arthur, armed with a shotgun, set out in search of her.

After a time he saw the girl in the distance, sitting on the grass. He noticed the curious manner in which she seemed to be swaying to and fro, as if keeping time to music. He approached cautiously and, peering over her shoulder, was filled with horror when he saw the head of a large rattlesnake waving from side to side directly in front of her.

Arthur Brown moved cautiously to one side, raised his gun, and, taking careful aim, shot off the head of the rattlesnake. At the sound of the explosion the girl shrieked and fell to the ground unconscious.

On recovering she said she wandered through the fields picking flowers until, growing tired, she seated herself in front of the clump of white flowers which she intended to gather. She admired their beauty and kept her eyes fixed upon them, until gradually she began to feel an uncontrollable drowsiness creeping over her, such as one experiences after gazing fixedly at the embers of a dying fire.

Presently, although conscious that the flowers were pure white, they began to take on the colors of the rainbow and lose their outline. From this iridescent mass at regular intervals a tongue of livid flame darted forth that almost blinded her with its brilliancy. She was possessed with a feeling of horror and had a presentiment of evil, yet was powerless to use her voice or move her limbs. How long she was under this extraordinary influence she had no idea. Nor was she conscious of its nature till, coming to herself after the shock of the gunshot had thrown her into a faint, she saw the dead snake.

Stopping a Celebration.

The face of the Judge was sad rather than severe as he looked upon the prisoner before him, for the Judge was a kindly man at heart, despite the fact that he was a Police Justice.

"Drunk again?" he said briefly and with a tear in his voice.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And I let you off only yesterday morning on the same charge because you had never been arrested before?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

The Judge's face grew hard.

"What's the matter with you?" he said sternly.

"Nothing—now, Your Honor," responded the prisoner.

"But you were drunk again. What do you mean by acting that way?"

"I was celebrating, Your Honor."

"Celebrating?" repeated the Court, in surprise. "This is no time of the year to be celebrating. Christmas and New Year have passed, and the Fourth of July hasn't got here yet."

"I'm sober enough to be aware of that, Your Honor."

"Then what were you celebrating? Got a new boy at your house?" and a hopeful look came into the Judge's eyes, for he really sought some excuse for the prisoner.

"No, Your Honor. I was celebrating my good luck in getting off so easily yesterday."

The Judge smiled almost radiantly.

"Oh, is that it?" he said. "Well, there is some good in you yet, and to stop any more celebrating on that score I'll fine you $20 and costs."

Warner Miller.

Warner Miller proposes to exchange one slightly-used fall outside of the breastworks for terminal facilities at the pie counter.—Washington Post.

Warner Miller is ready at any time to be one of any number of gentlemen to constitute debris for the burial of Tom Platt.—Detroit Tribune.

Warner Miller continues to refuse to wear Platt fasteners on his bicycle shoes.—Washington Post.